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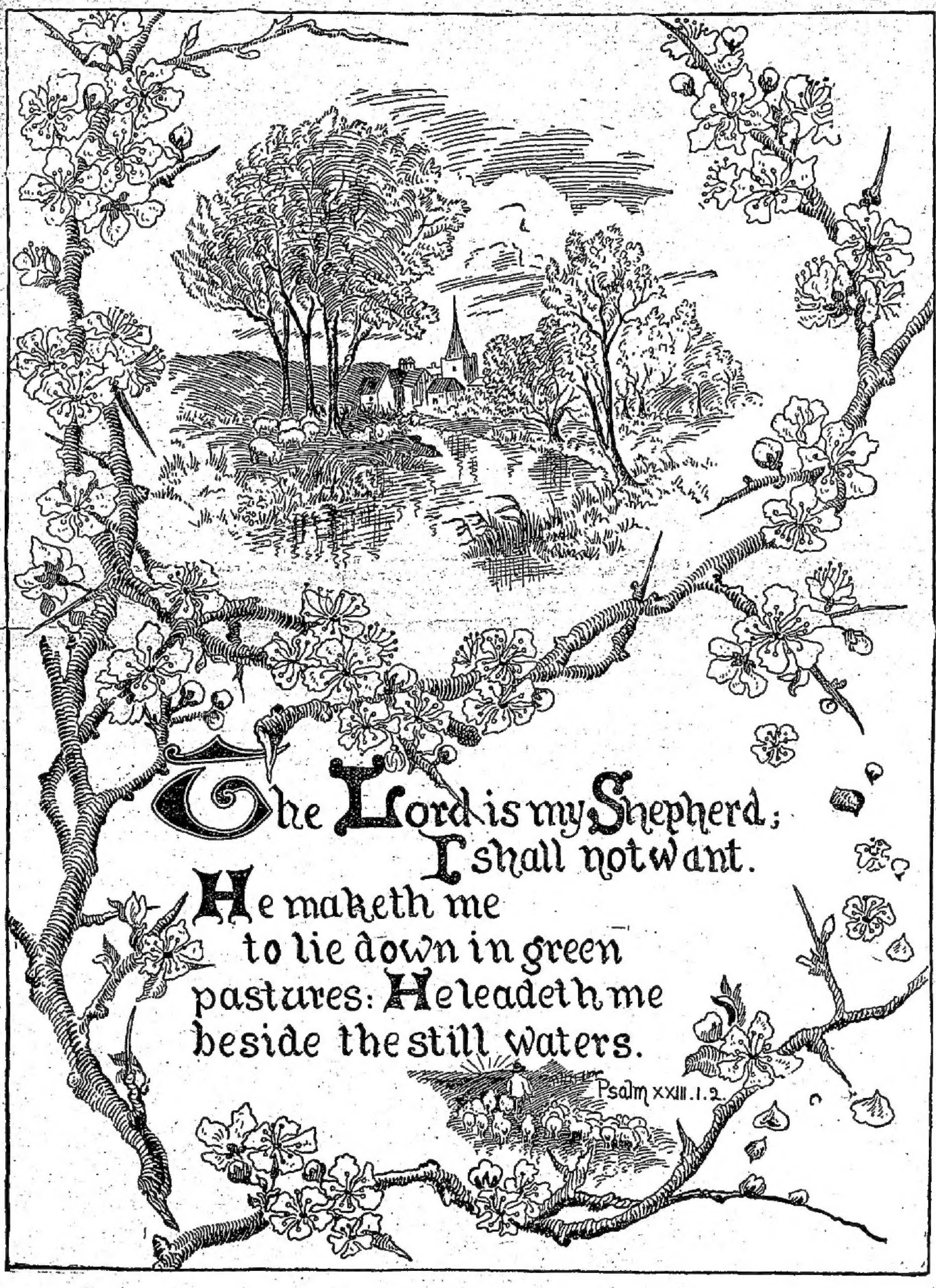

The Lord is my Shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me
to lie down in green
pastures: He leadeth me
beside the still waters.
Psalm XXIII. 1. 2.

'I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD.'

'The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.'—St. John x., 11.—'Day of Days.'

A Narrow Escape.

From the story of the life of Daniel Landsmann, the eminent missionary and scholar, by Pastor P. H. C. Steup, we gather the following incident: He was born in Jerusalem about 1845, and baptised as a Christian, August 26, 1863. He was sorely persecuted, even by his own relations in Jerusalem, who often threatened him with death, but he experienced some miraculous deliverances. As an instance of their intense hatred, he relates that in the year 1864 he was invited to lunch with his aunt, who seemed to be more favorably disposed toward him. He refused the invitation at first, expressing his fear of an attack from his relatives. His aunt assured him, however, that there was no danger of this. He went to the house on the second day of the Purim feast. He received a hearty welcome from his uncle and aunt, and they treated him to coffee and cakes. He took a bite of cake, and while on the point of taking a sip of coffee a terrible suspicion made him turn pale. He tried to overcome his suspicion, and, in order to rid himself of it altogether, he took his little baby cousin on his lap, and began to play with him. Straightway the thought came to him to offer the little one some of the cake and coffee. 'Come, Josie,' he said, 'even if you have breakfasted already, you can have some of my cake;' and with this he put the cup to the little one's lips.

The child's parents rushed excitedly around the table and knocked the cup from his hands on the floor. They stood before their intended victim deathly pale, not able to utter a word. Landsmann told them that it was in his power to have them punished by the authorities for their murderous intention of poisoning him, but that he had learned from his Master, the Messiah, to pray even for such enemies, and that he would continue to love them, despite their cowardly hatred.

At another time, on the day of the dedication of the Institute for Proselytes, after the festive exercises, while out promenading with three friends, he was attacked by a party of Jews. His companions fled, and he was carried to a graveyard and shamefully maltreated. The Jews cursed him repeatedly.

'Curse Jesus, and we will let you go,' they said.

'Jesus is my Lord and Saviour,' he replied; 'I cannot curse him.'

Upon this they threw him into a deep ditch, and threatened to bury him alive if he would not curse Jesus. The Lord, however, gave Landsmann the courage and strength to remain true to the Redeemer, and while his frantic persecutors were heaping the earth upon his feet he testified in a loud voice of his faith in Christ. Meanwhile his friends had gone for the police, who arrived on the spot of the outrage in time to save his life.—'Christian Herald.'

'Holy' And 'Wholly.'

While there is danger of forgetting the ordinary and accepted use of a word in hunting up its origin, such an examination is often profitable and always interesting.

A young girl was trying to learn the Ten Commandments. Her mother told her to shut the Bible and write them from memory. She brought the result of her effort for inspection, and lo! she had written the Fourth Commandment, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it wholly.'

The mother said, 'Why, don't you know how to spell better than that? The word is not "wholly," but "holy."

The good grandmother, who was sitting by, looked up with one of her peculiar smiles and remarked:

'Maybe that child hasn't really made a mistake, after all. At least her idea of holy is preferable to that of a good many of our church members. They think that they keep the Sabbath if they go to church in the morning, and then feast, or lounge about, or visit, or go riding, or read the secular papers the rest of the day. They don't understand that when God said "keep it holy," he meant the whole of it.'

When I went home I examined my Webster's Unabridged, and learned that the two words 'holy' and 'wholly' came from the same Anglo-Saxon root, which is 'hol,' the whole. The radical idea of holiness is completeness, wholesomeness. A man is whole, physically, when he is in perfect health, obeying all the natural laws under which he lives. And a man is whole, or holy, spiritually, when he is conformed in his character and life to the higher law—the law which God has revealed for the soul.

The Finger of God.

(By C. W. King, in S.S. 'Times.')

During a season of revival a friend was praying one evening for a certain unconverted neighbor. After this manner he prayed: 'O Lord, touch that man with thy finger; touch him with thy finger, Lord!' The petition was repeated with great earnestness, when something said to him, 'Thou art the finger of God! Hast thou ever touched this thy neighbor? hast thou ever spoken a single word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou, and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered.' It was a voice from the throne. God's servant arose from his knees self-condemned. He had known the man as an impenitent for a quarter of a century, yet had uttered not a word of warning. Hundreds of opportunities had come and gone, but the supreme question of life had been set aside for such topics as 'the weather,' 'the latest news,' 'politics,' 'trade,' etc. His first duty as a Christian had been left undone.

We men and women in the service of Jesus Christ are often in prayer for those around us,—in homes, in our congregation, in our Sunday-school. Does that still, small voice never come to us as we pray, saying, in effect, 'Thou art the finger of God, Go thou, and touch that one'? In our daily intercourse with men, how many opportunities for a personal word about a personal Saviour do we let slip? How many times do we teachers meet with our Sunday-school classes with not a word for the boys or girls about an immediate and full surrender of the heart to him who died for them? The lesson has been carefully prepared, the illustrations are helpful, the scholars are interested and attentive; but there is no direct appeal to them on this most vital of all questions. And this goes on, week after week, month after month. Grand opportunity is lost. The boys and girls do not come to Jesus; the brightest and best years of their lives are lost; and in the end they themselves, some of them at least, are lost. Need we be surprised at this if we, the fingers of God, have failed to touch their tender hearts on this matter of personal faith in Christ?

It is hard work, this personal dealing. The boys don't care very much for it; the girls turn shyly away. You are led to feel that it might estrange some of them from you, and therefore you avoid the personal and the direct. But, on the other hand, there is a worse thing to be feared. If you habitually shun the matter of personal religion, the scholars will soon doubt your sincerity and real interest in their salvation. A spirit of indifference will take hold of them, and, before long, you may find them among those 'too old to be in the Sunday-school.' For many a boy it is a question of now or never. Never will they have more time to think over this vital question. Never will their hearts be more responsive to your appeals. The child is nearest the kingdom—only a step. Later in life it may be a long and sorrowful journey. This is our opportunity. Let us see to it.

Service.

Sophia had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the heavenly Father seemed to say:

'Sophia, stop! Where were you born?'

'In Germany, Father.'

'Where are you now?'

'In America, Father.'

'Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?'

Then Father said: 'Who lives on the floor above you?'

'A family of Swedes.'

'And who above them?'

'Why, some Switzers.'

'Who in the rear?'

'Italians.'

'And a block away?'

'Some Chinese.'

'And you have never said a word to these people about my Son! Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreigner and heathen when you never care enough about those at your own door to speak with them about their souls?'

Not a few need the lesson Sophia learned. 'Beginning at Jerusalem.' As a salt of the earth, sweeten the bit of it next to you; as the light of the world, conquer the darkness nearest you.

'There,' said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, 'there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth two thousand dollars, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and to look after his affairs for him. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you will always see the children climbing into his waggon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him on the street.'

The great need just now is the genius for helping. On the one side is a world in need, on the other side Christ's compassion and power; the key to the situation is in one word, Surrender—surrender of self to be ministered to, surrender of substance to Christ, surrender of self for service.—Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., in 'Watchman.'

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

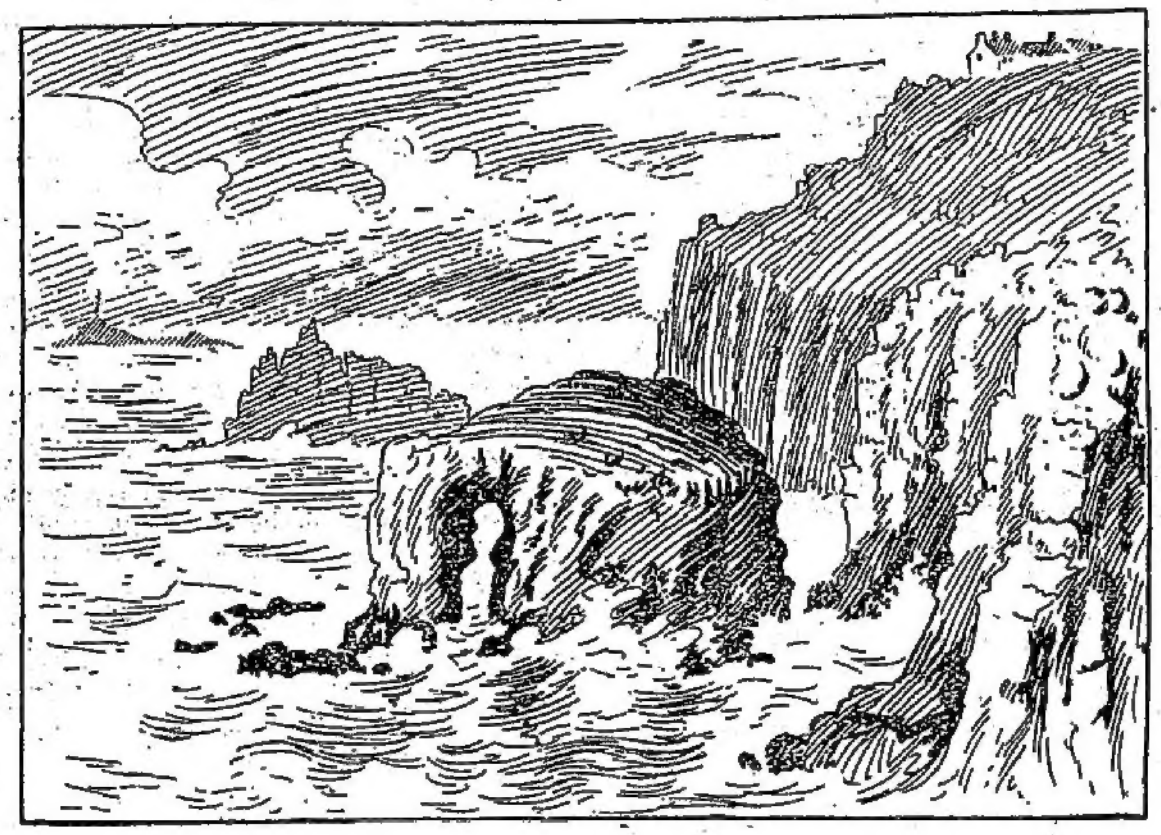
If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one
From nursery, school and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.
—Anon.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Narrow Neck.

(The Rev. Charles Williams, in 'The Young Woman.')

Standing at the Land's End, Cornwall, the visitor looks west and notes the Longships Lighthouse. It is built on a rock called the Great Carn, which stands about seventy feet out of the sea above low-water mark. The lighthouse, which towers fifty feet in height, has two strong watertight doors; is divided into three stories; and as soon as the sun sets, its lamps are lighted to warn of dangers. Three men are always in the lighthouse. Though the distance from shore is not great—less than a mile, I should think—for eight weeks and more there has been, in seasons of bad weather, no communication between the land and the lighthouse. At such times, the volume and weight of the Atlantic billows literally roll over and break upon the lantern of the lighthouse, more than a hundred and twenty feet above low water mark, the spray gathering about it as though a snowstorm raged. The guide tells



LAND'S END.

the story of one of the men in charge whose hair changed from black to white in a single night, while thus the Atlantic Ocean rose in its fury and might, and threatened the safety of the lighthouse, which, however, stood and withstood, 'for it was (and is) founded upon the rock.'

I experienced no difficulty in sympathizing with Charles Wesley, in the thoughts which filled his mind as he stood upon the promontory and looked at the sea on either side of him. The scene is extraordinarily awe-inspiring, lends itself readily to solemn sentiments, has about it many of the aspects of death and doom. Before visiting Land's End, I confess I could not understand why the outlook suggested to the great hymn-writer the Judgment Day. But while there the suggestion seemed to me appropriate and natural. It is not simply that the visitor is between two seas. These seas wear a threatening form, are awfully majestic; and it requires little effort of the imagination to see in them the destroyer. A false step, and what can save the unwary blunderer from the abyss below? If boat dare venture, with wind blowing and waves roaring, upon the angry waters that beat against the base of the promontory, how could it escape being dashed and broken on the rocks? And so the poet-preacher as he gazed on the scene, exclaimed—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

O God! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

There may be some exaggeration in associating the end of the land and the beginning of the great sea with the end of time and the beginning (if the phrase be allowable) of eternity, and yet I don't suppose that Charles Wesley was conscious of it. The outlook from that 'narrow neck of land,' with threatening rocks and angry waves to the north and to the south and outward toward the west, might well suggest, the

dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day.

of which the early Methodists thought so much, and to which they looked forward with mingled fear and hope.

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Brave Boy.

I have a little friend living not far from here whom I will call Willing Reinolds—Willing, because he is so 'willing' to do what he believes is right; and Reinolds, because he not only knows how to hold the 'reins' of his papa's two beautiful greys when the family go riding in the sleigh or carriage, but also because he reins himself so well against his natural tendency to go astray from parental training. A young woman who has been a member of the family for several years, and whose parents live about twelve miles out in the country, having a brother about the same age as Willing, had given repeated invitations to him to spend a few days in the country with her brother. Finally it was accepted and a day fixed upon for him to go. Willing is about ten years of age, and an only son, has seldom gone away from home by himself, and as the first part of the journey was to be made in the steamcars, you can imagine the interest all felt in getting him ready and seeing him safely off. His papa selected a pleasant seat for him, handed him his ticket, said good-by and the train was soon gone. Presently the conductor came along, took his ticket and told him the next stopping place was his station. As he rode along he wondered whether he would be met with a carriage or would have to walk the three miles from the depot, and if he had to walk, how he would manage to carry his valise containing a number of eatables and lots of things which he thought the country boy would enjoy. Taking it altogether, in Willing's estimation, it was a grand event in his life, and he realized the full import of it. He pictured to himself the good time he would have, and how swiftly the time would fly until he should return.

As soon as the cars stopped, he picked up his valise and made his way out on the platform. Looking round, he could see no carriage, and wondered how long he should have to wait. He was, however, soon accosted by a big boy, who said:

'My name is Burly Strong, and I am come to take you to our home; father wanted some more lumber for the new barn, and I have come with the big team and have brought some boys along, and we'll have plenty of fun.'

Willing looked toward the waggon and saw three rough-looking fellows about the size of Burly holding the horses and having a jolly time over something. As he neared them he saw they were smoking cigarettes, and had papers of peanuts which they had purchased at the store, expecting to share them with the city visitor. Willing, never willing to pollute his mouth with such filthy stuff as tobacco in any form, was taken aback. However, when everything was ready to start Burly took the reins, and his three companions, with Willing and his valise, piled themselves on the lumber as best they could. The three boys puffed away at their cigarettes, and now and then champing some peanuts as a relief to a sickly feeling that was evidently annoying them, and in the meantime indulged in vulgar talk, interspersed with profanity. Willing studied the situation thoroughly, wondering how he could endure the ride of three miles to the farm-house, and what he should do if these boys were to be his playmates while there. As they rode along matters grew worse and worse, until he concluded to let them know that he was not used to such company, and insisted that either they must give up their attempt at smoking and stop their dreadful swearing, or he should leave their company. This bold stand only made them more noisy, profane and bitter.

Finally he determined to endure it no longer, and asked Burly to hold up the horses and let him out. But the bad boys jerked the reins and whipped up the horses so that he could not get out. It was plain to him that there was only one way for him to get rid of his undesirable company, and that was to work himself to the back part of the waggon, slide out with his valise, and make his way back to the depot and go home. But the boys discovered his intentions and did their best to hold him in and to make the horses go so fast that it would be dangerous for him to jump. Willing was too smart for their movements, and slipping out, hallooed a good-by and was off. Burly succeeded in stopping the team, and tried

in vain to persuade him to return, but Willing persisted in declaring that he preferred to go home, and walked toward the depot as fast as he could. It was about nine o'clock when he got there, and was told that there would be no train going in the direction of his home until four in the afternoon. Here was a new test of his courage and endurance. He was nine miles from home, had already walked two. Should he wait until four o'clock? No! he would walk home, and with a brave heart started. After going several miles he rested under a tree, ate his lunch which had been put in his valise, and walked the remainder of the journey, reaching home about one o'clock, much to the surprise of his friends. But his account of the conduct of the boys and his determination not to remain in such company, and his struggle to rid himself of them, was warmly commended by his parents. When asked if he was not afraid to come by himself so far, he said he was scared twice: once he saw a great big dog coming along the road toward him, but he soon found that the dog was as much afraid of him as he was at first of the dog. The second time was when he had to pass some Italians working on the railway. They stopped their work and asked him a number of questions, but as soon as he told them his story, and who he was, they said they had heard of his father as the commander of the G.A.R. Post, and cheered him on his way. After a good bath, resting in bed for awhile, and eating a hearty dinner, Willing walked about the house with the air of an hero. He dared to do right, and was not afraid to walk a dozen miles to get out of the company of the wicked.—J. A. W., North Granville, N.Y., Feb. 7, 1898.

Molly.

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie in 'The Christian.')

'Molly,' plain and simple, that was her name, and no one ever heard of any other. She was a sensitive creature; that could be seen by the manner in which she winced at an unkind word, and shrank into silence when treated with cold indifference by some to whom she had done many a kindness; yet none ever heard a reproachful word from her lips.

The old seaman with whom she lived was quite a character in the neighborhood. His seafaring days were over, but all his delight seemed to be in talking to old and young of the many wonderful adventures he had gone through; and the most eventful of all was that black night, eight years before, when he saved a delicate girl from a watery grave. Her father was coming to London with his motherless child, but perished in the cruel waves.

Jonathan Ansel carried his charge back with him to his cottage, and without a murmur his wife gathered her into home and love.

'You will be our own "Molly" till someone comes and tells us we have no right to you, my dear,' she said.

There was no one to care, and the lonely girl clung to the new-found friends, and by her handy ways became a real help to Mrs. Ansel, from whom she learned the old story of God's love in Christ. They sent her to the school near by, where she made good progress.

But the old woman became weak and helpless, and for the last two years of her life she found happiness in listening to Molly's gentle voice as she sat and read to her from the old Bible. Changes came over the little home, just as storms come over one after another.

'Good-bye, my dear,' said the dying woman. 'You'll tend the old man, and God bless you for it,' and sadly they saw her carried away. Two years more, and a sudden stroke laid the sailor low, and in his wandering hours he would call to his mates to carry him aloft, and to cast anchor; and then he would rouse and say, 'I'm still ashore, give me a word to hold by, Molly, and kiss the old man again,' and, trembling with anxiety, she turned readily to the well-worn pages and read, 'And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

They were dark days, with bitter experiences, when Jonathan Ansel followed his wife through the gate of death, and Molly had to face a cold world; with him all went; the few belongings were sold to clear expenses, and she was left desolate but for a neighbor who offered a bed till she found a place.

But Molly's extremity became God's opportunity.

A lady was handing some coal tickets in that district, and asked who she was. The story was soon told; and the lady said she wanted a young girl to attend to her daughter. She has a nurse, but I want a cheerful young person to wait upon her when nurse is busy or away,' she said.

It was not home, as the cottage had been; painful hours were spent at first, but God's Word was hidden in her heart, and gave her food for thought, so that amid the strangeness Molly soon felt pleasure in being useful.

Weary nights of pain were the lot of the rich girl, for Elsie Vaughan had suffered from a complication of diseases for a year past, and the thoughtful kindness and marked attentions of the new maid called out her gratitude. Many a slight from the domestics caused Molly hours of uneasiness, but to be able to help 'Miss Elsie' bear her pain was worth everything. When all had been tried in vain one night, and nurse was tired and gone to rest, Elsie asked Molly to sit beside her, and tell her something to make her sleep.

The dear old folk had always asked for a message from the Bible, but it never seemed to be used in that room, so she told of the sailor and his wife, and then repeated their favorite verses. Again and again this was done; for many hours they left her, seeing she was willing to wait patiently upon the invalid; and soon both nurse and mother became vexed that Molly was always preferred, and in any time of special weariness no one could comfort as she. No hope seemed to be given of recovery, and the many presents lavished on the daughter only mocked her.

Molly was seventeen; Elsie Vaughan only sixteen.

One evening, after trying to cheer her, Molly said, 'But you have such a bright, full home, Miss Elsie, and everything you need.'

'Yes, all is bright outside of me, but, Molly, I'd rather be you; the light is inside you. Tell me that verse again—"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?"' (Ps. xxvii., 1). 'And the other one.'

And Molly repeated, 'I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.'

It had been thought that summer weather would bring increased strength, and a chance to get Elsie to the sea, but just when days were longest she drooped, and all thought of it was given up. Mrs. Vaughan saw what a blessing Molly had become to her daughter, yet could not understand; to her the world held all the light she knew of.

'Mother, all the bright things have become dull and dark to me, but through Molly I have found a new light, and Jesus Christ is that light,' Elsie said one day. They saw her turn from all below and set her face towards the light of heaven, heard her speak of new joys and hopes, and they wondered at it all.

'The verse the sailor loved I want,' she said, as the end came, and Molly said softly, 'And there shall be no night there;' and before she could say more Elsie interrupted and said, 'Mother, I shall be there to-morrow; no more weary days and nights.'

'You will be better, my child, I hope,' said Mrs. Vaughan.

'I am not fearing to die, mother; Jesus has made it all so easy. Now, Molly, say it again.'

'Of course you may,' said the mistress, in answer to Molly's inquiring look, holding her daughter's hand; she also heard the words of life.

'You'll miss me to read to, you have brought such a blessing to me; Molly, you'll be kind to mother if she should ever be ill.'

'Oh, yes, Miss Elsie, don't you trouble; I'll finish the verse now;' and she read on, 'they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

Before the morning broke over the home the soul of Elsie Vaughan had seen the dawn of eternity.

'Molly, tell me all you used to tell her about the dear old people you lived with, and the Bible they loved, and the words that made my child so happy,' said Mrs. Vaughan soon after the funeral.

And the same God became her God, through the same Saviour, for, as she heard, God's light entered her soul. For many years Molly lived in that house, and was with her mistress through a long and trying illness, and at her death it was found she had left her faithful maid a small competency. Molly—still known by no other name—has a room not far from where Jonathan Ansel lived; and, although her health is not good, she is a centre of comfort and blessing in the neighborhood.

'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

'He Gave Himself.'

THE STORY OF AN HERO.

In a corner of France, some few years ago, lived a very poor but hard-working woman who had lost her husband in battle, and who was left with five children to maintain by her own unaided efforts.

'Alas!' condoled her neighbors, 'we pity you; but so many of us are in similar positions that we cannot afford to help you.'

'"My help cometh from God."' replied the widow. 'I know he cannot fail me; and you remember his promise?'

'No,' was the reply, 'we have forgotten. But it is well to be you, to have such trust. Take care you are not disappointed.'

The widow turned away, she saw they did not understand. 'They don't know, Lord,' she said, under her breath—'they have not tried thee. Wilt thou reveal thyself to them, gracious God?'

The widow's eldest son, Jean, was now growing up, and when an illness rendered his mother incapable of working he took the burden of the family upon his brave young shoulders and became the breadwinner. The neighbors looked on in amaze.

'I thought,' said one, 'that when the widow Berthelot was laid aside we should see a crumbling of her trust. But no; yesterday, when I went in to see her, she reminded me of a promise from her Heavenly Father, as she said. But I laughed at her.'

'What is this wonderful promise?' asked another.

'"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." I think those were the words.'

'They are good words indeed,' said the other. 'We shall see if they are true.'

Meanwhile, the widow and her children were very happy. Jean was like a little father in the home—all there loved him, and all knew how ill he could be spared by any one of them; for his generous, loving heart and willing hands made each think—'Surely, life in our humble home would be a hard thing if our beloved Jean were withdrawn from it!' And his mother, so proud of him, watched him lovingly.

Then a terrible truth burst upon all in that little home. Jean was getting to an age when he would be called upon to serve his king and country as a soldier; and then, alas! the widow lay awake at night, brooding over the terrible possibility of her beloved son, the family mainstay, being drawn for the conscription!

'My Father,' she would cry, 'thou knowest all—our poverty if we were gone, our helplessness! Thou hast given us, through him, the comforts of food, home, clothes—Lord, let not this thing be, that he draw the fearful fatal number! Spare him to us!'

A perfect faith would ask only that God's will be done—but God teaches us often that perfect faith through suffering. 'Three years' separation!' was the widow's one thought. 'Ah, but he may not draw a soldier's number! God grant it!'

At last the dreaded day for the drawing of the lottery came, and the widow Berthelot felt that her heart was breaking. She prostrated herself before God in agonized prayer, and besought him as a 'Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows,' to withhold this cup of bitter agony, and to let her boy remain at home. The neighbors heard her pleading. They said among themselves: 'Ah, now we shall see! 'Tis hard to be the widow Berthelot.'

Evening came, and Jean returned. He sat in a corner of his humble little home, and the neighbors flocked to hear the news.

'Mother,' cried the poor boy, 'be brave, dear heart. In three years I shall be with you again—but, I have drawn a soldier's number.'

The poor mother threw up her hands, and fell prone to the earth. The children ran hither and thither screaming, thinking she was dead, or that something terrible had happened.

Jean raised his mother's head, and bathed her temples and hands. 'Mother, mother,' he cried, kissing her, 'it is I, your son Jean; I am still here, mother; but look at me, and all will be well.' But the pale, worn, features showed no sign of life.

The neighbors crowded round the door and into the room—and over the hum of their voices one heard the crying of the children.

'It is as we thought,' said one woman—'God does not hear, and he does not care. I'm glad I never asked him for anything.'

'You might be a better woman if you had,' ventured an old man.

Presently a strange youth pressed through the little crowd, and saw the fainting woman—his curiosity was aroused.

'Why is this?' he asked. 'I am from a strange town and have not heard the news. I had a mother once, but she died, and looked as this poor mother looks. But she has a noble son.'

They told him the sad little story.

'She did not think God would let him draw a soldier's number,' one said; 'but he has, and she is like that.'

Pity stirred in the heart of the strange youth; he was alone in the world, but this other lad had a mother, and it was killing her to lose him. Unhappy thought! she would be let alone in her weakness. He would go, and spare her. He marvelled at these thoughts in his breast—he had never felt them before, and they seemed to be outside of himself. He grew ashamed of the weakness he felt, and left the place very quietly. But he could not proceed; he had to turn back, and, half ashamed, with a foolish air, he slipped back silently into the little room.

'Look here,' said he, trembling and pale with agitation, and gazing at the drawn, agonized face of the slowly recovering mother, 'tell her that her son need not go. He is still hers to support her in her weakness. Tell her I will be a substitute. I will go for her son.' Tears stood in his eyes as he spoke, and when he had finished he moved nervously away.

They made the poor mother hear at last, and then she sprang to her feet and clasped her hands, saying:

'My father, thou hast redeemed thy promise! "While they are yet speaking, I will hear," thou saidst, and it is so. I thank thee, Father, for this great mercy.'

The neighbors began to move away slowly.

'After all, there seems to be something in it,' said one. 'Widow Berthelot is not to be pitied—she knows a God who hears.'

Wonder, confusion, amazement, joy filled many hearts in the little village—this, they said, was a miracle.

'A stranger; and you will go for my son, whom you never knew!' cried the widow, taking the hand of her earthly saviour.

'Yes, I will go,' said he. 'It is God, whom I have slighted, who is sending me—he has answered your prayers in me.'

And so all was well. Again there was peace in the peasant home, and Jean remained as its head, beloved and loving—ransomed for those he loved, by a stranger!

And his substitute went to serve in his stead, and possibly gave his life in fighting for his country, for those whom he believed never heard of the brave youth again.

Bricks.

'It's downright stupid in you never to join us, Tyler,' said one of his classmates. 'I thought every boy liked fun.'

'That depends on what you call fun,' said Tyler. 'Genuine fun I like as much as anyone, but what interferes with the comfort or peace of others I look on as unkindness, not fun.'

'This won't hurt anybody. Come.'

'No, it is cruel to raise hopes and deceive an old woman who has never interfered with you. I wish you, for one, would stay out of it. It will make an ugly shaped brick.'

'Bother you and your bricks! I am tired of them!' and Wilson hurried away.

An old woman who had not heard from her sailor son for many years believed that he was still alive. The boys, to vary their lives at school, and have a little fun, had sent her a note telling her that if she would go to the woods that afternoon she would find in a certain tree a letter that would interest her.

The letter contained only a receipt for removing wrinkles and renewing youth.

That night a meeting of the school was called, the master presiding. The 'fun' of the afternoon had almost ended in a tragedy, and the boys were a sober-looking set. The old woman's disappointment had been so great (for she had expected to hear something of her son) that she had fallen insensible against a tree, and the boys had been obliged to carry her home and send for a doctor.

The master was a just man, and was not severe on the boys, for he knew they meant no real harm, but he urged them to be more careful in the future of the effect on other people of their 'fun.'

'I for one,' said Wilson, 'am heartily ashamed of my share in it. I wish I had listened to Tyler. I have sneered at his bricks and temples, but I believe he is about right, and I wish he would tell the rest of you about them.'

Tyler, being called for, rose and said:

'My mother used to tell me that we are all builders, and that our lives are the buildings we are erecting. Our acts and deeds make ugly shaped bricks that help to make unsightly buildings, while if we are careful in choosing our bricks we may even erect a temple to the Lord.'

Tyler was earnest but modest when he spoke, and when he stopped the boys cheered him.

The next morning over the master's desk in large letters were the words—

'BE CAREFUL OF THE BRICKS.'

—Annie Wetson Whitney in 'The Classmate.'

The Fountain.

I rise afar in distant hills,
Bright-gleaming, pure, and cold,
And fairer shine my crystal rills
Than glint of richest gold.

For what are gems that deck the breast
Of highest in the land
To him who sinks, by heat opprest,
On Afric's wastes of sand?

The ruby's fire—the em'raid's gleam
The sheen of beaten gold—
All—all he'd give, if my cool streams
His eyes might then behold!

To toiling men on mountain side,
to team of lumb'ring wain,
'Tis life—new life—when bright I glide
Across the sun-burnt plain.

For swift my gleaming drops suffice
Their thirst to satisfy:
I prove to all a boon of price
As fair as gold could buy.

On village green—in crowded street
I rise where'er I can,
And yield my waters clear and sweet
To toiling beast and man.

And many a rarely sculptured shrine
Have rich men raised to me,
That all day long my drops might shine
For fainting eyes to see!

What fairer gift could hands bestow—
What richer, dearer boon—
Than cooling streams, that freely flow
In summer's scorching noon?

Come, cluster round the limpid spring—
Child, dame, and maiden fair;
And in your hands bright vessels bring
My waters home to bear.

He craves not wine to stain his board
Who here his pitcher fills;
For sweeter draught no cup affords
Than flows in my cool rills!

—'Golden Treasury.'

The Lucky Four-Leaved Clover.

(Amos R. Wells in 'Little Pilgrim.')

'Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky than the three?'
I questioned Master Greedy, and thus he answered me:
'It's because the four-leaved clover so crafty is and bold,
It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sunshine gold.'

'Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky than the three?'
I questioned Master Generous, and thus he answered me:
'It's because the four-leaved clover so kindly is and gay,
It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold away.'

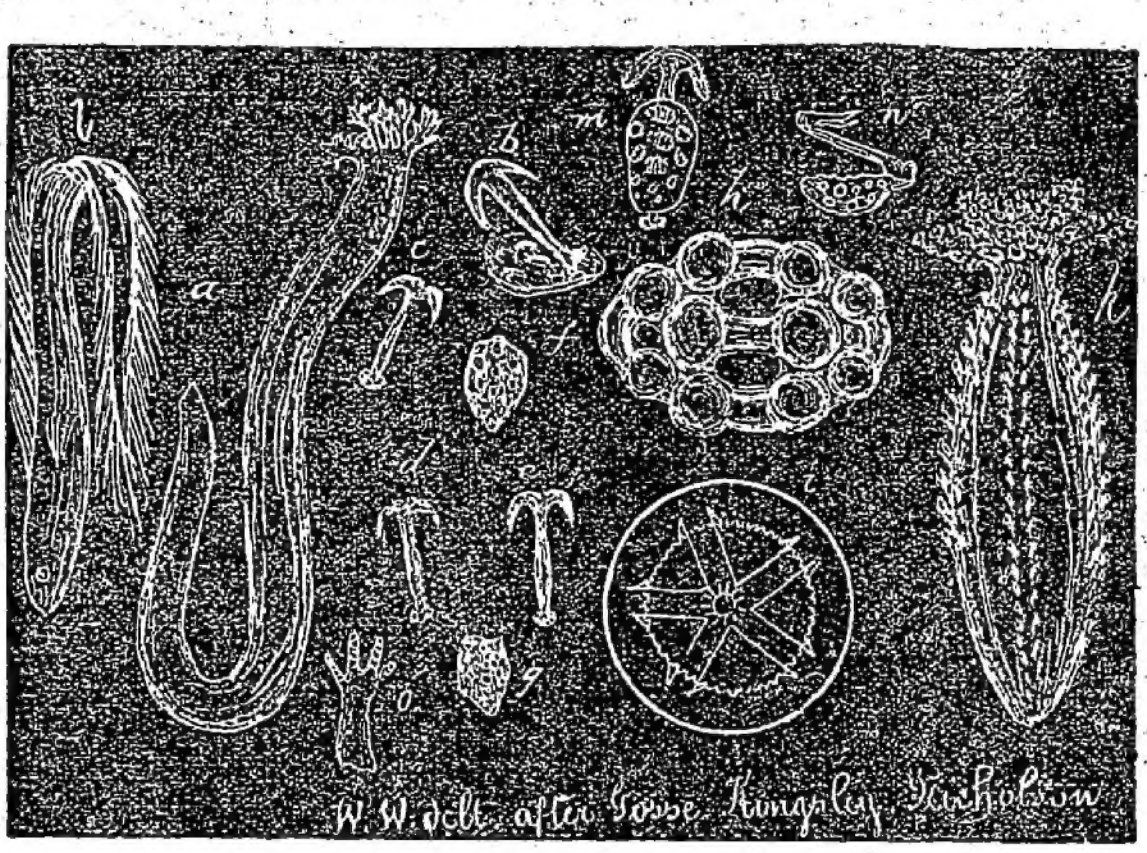
—'Little Pilgrim.'

'Sea-Cucumbers.'

A TALK WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(Rev. W. Williams, F.L.S., in 'The Spectator,' Australia.)

These cucumbers do not grow in beds like the long vegetable you know so well, and which some of you like so much on a hot day. Really they are not cucumbers at all, they are not even vegetables of any kind, but are animals something like the 'spiny-skins' of which I have already written. Two kinds are shown at a and k in the block. The one looks like a bag, the other looks like a worm, but it is longer and narrower. These figures show the two shapes in which the sea cucumbers are found; they are either worm-like or slug-shaped. The scientific name for them is 'Holothuroidea,' that is, shaped like a holothurian. But this gives no meaning at all to you, because you would need to know what a holothurian is. The only answer I can give is, that just as we call one animal a horse, another a cow, so the Greeks used to call these animals holothouria, and the Latin nations called them holothuria, and we keep the same name.



The animals themselves are much like living bags. The skin which forms the bag is of a leathery character, and in the slug-shaped animal it is pierced with five double rows of holes down its length; out through these the tube feet, or 'pedicels,' as we have learned to call them, are pushed. Look at k and you will see three such rows of them shown. In the other 'spiny skins' of which I have written, that is the 'sea-eggs,' and the 'sea-stars,' these pedicels also occur, and I have explained how the animal fills them with sea water, and thus makes them stretch till they are large and long, and when he does not need to use them, he draws the water back into the body again, and allows them to shorten and shrink. The tube feet on k are filled and emptied in just the same way, and it is this which causes naturalists to class together these different animals. Except the 'spiny skins,' such as 'sea-eggs,' 'sea-stars,' and 'sea-cucumbers,' there are no animals known, I believe, which have these tube feet. If you look at a you will notice that the worm-like animals of this order have no such feet.

In speaking of sponges, I told you about the spicules, or little pins, scattered through their flesh, and drew some of them for you. The holothurians are like the sponges in this, that they have spicules too. Curiously enough, they are shaped like wheels and anchors. Figure i is one of the wheel-shaped spicules stuck in the skin of a kind called chirodota. You will see that it is a wheel with five spokes and a hole in the centre. The inside part of the rim is cut into teeth, or what the girls would call 'vandykes.' Now here is a very curious thing. We know that a very very long time ago great trees grew on the earth; that they fell, and got covered up to a great depth, and in the course of time became coal, which we now burn. In the days when these coal beds were being made, holothurians lived, creeping along the bottom of shallower parts of the sea. In their skins God put these little wheels, all made of lime. By and by men came on the earth, and made wheels of pieces cut off the round trunks of trees. Then somebody thought of having a wheel with spokes, and he was a great inventor. But God invented the wheel long, long before, and put in the skins of these sea worms, if we may call them so, and there to this day we find them. What a wonderful story!

Here is another. If you look at b, c, d, e, m, you will notice little anchors of different shapes. What do you suppose they are? Just little spicules in the skin of a. Back in the long ago, when the trees were growing which are now coal, these sea-cucumbers were in the sea, as I have said. God put into their skins little anchors made of lime, with one end fastened by a hinge to a little plate full of holes as shown at b, f, g, m. Long afterwards men were created, and by and by made boats and ships. Then they wanted some kind of a thing to stick into the sea-bed, and hold their ship from drifting away. So someone invented an anchor, and thought that was a very clever thing to do. But God had invented the anchor long before, and put it in the skins of these living bags; and I think that God, having invented the wheel and the anchor, saw how good they were, and put the idea of making wheels and anchors into the minds of men.

Do you know what 'dumb-bells' are? Some of you do, I'm sure. They are just two balls of iron joined together by a short rod of iron. They are used in gymnastic exercises. Is it not curious that we find dumb-bells in the skin of the sea-cucumber, as well as wheels and anchors? Look at h. In that oval spicule you can trace one large dumb-bell in the middle, one at each side, and one, much bent, at each end, with the spaces between them filled in with lime, and four oval holes left. So that God was the inventor of the dumb-bells too. What a curious animal is this, with wheels, anchors and dumb-bells in it!

You ask how a moves if it has no feet. Look at n. That is an anchor and plate looked at sideways. You will see that the anchor is really two hooks. The rounded plate is in the skin; the double hook which forms the anchor is hinged to it, and stands out outside of the skin. The animal grips the bottom of the sea with these hooks, and so pulls himself along. Some sea-cucumbers have their skins so full of spicules that when they are dried you could write on a blackboard with one, just as if it were a piece of chalk. Of course what actually marks is the spicules of chalk or lime.

At the top of k you will notice an appearance like leaves of a plant springing from the end. These are the fingers of the animal. The mouth is in the very middle of them, and these fingers are always picking up sand from the sea bottom and cramming it into the mouth. In the sand there are fragments of food, and as the sand passes through the stomach the food is digested, and in this way his living is gained.

But a has arms and hands to help him. See them clustering round the mouth, little short arms with fat hands and fingers, quite fit for shovelling sand into his mouth. The best hand that I can find is that drawn at o with four fingers, each easily bent. This seems to be one of God's first thoughts about a hand, and it is found on a sea-cucumber.

On the great barrier reef of Australia there are many holothurians, and one of the large ones has a guest often staying with him. Figure l shows what the fisherman calls the 'glass eel,' it is of the shape and size there shown, and is glassy in appearance. He swims in at the mouth of the sea-cucumber when he pleases, and lives inside the body, coming out when he feels disposed to look at the weather, for instance. There are on that reef also fishes that live in the bodies of the big sea-anemones, so that the 'glass eel' is not alone in his tastes for a home.

Some of these 'cucumbers' are four feet long, and four or five inches through. They are caught, dried, boiled, smoked, and sent away to China, where they are made into soup, of which the Chinese are very fond. From the Barrier Reef alone as much as £30,000 worth has been sent away in a year. When prepared in this way they are known as beche-de-mer, or trepang. One kind, known to fishermen as 'red prickly fish,' when being boiled gives out a juice so strong that it eats away the copper of the boiler, and becomes poisonous, so that they must not boil that kind in coppers.

The sea-cucumbers have a very funny practice; they sometimes vomit out all their stomach and other internal parts, and then lie quiet for a time, a new stomach grows in place of the old one, and in time they get new parts in their bodies, and go on as if nothing strange had happened. And some of them have a nasty habit of breaking themselves up into 'chunks' when they are caught, and then they soon die.

If one wishes to remain in poverty all of his life, either filling an early grave or dying in the almshouse, let him spend all of his daily earnings for cigars, first, then for wines; then for whiskey, seeking only the low and degraded for his companions, and he will soon see the relations between causes and their effects. If the seeds of intemperance and general dissipation are sown, an extensive crop of degradation and ruin may be naturally expected. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap.'—Dr. J. H. Hanaford.

Correspondence

So many letters for January have reached us that it will probably take us all February to print them. So the prize cannot be announced until the end of February. There will be another prize given for the best letter in March. Write only on one side of the paper and address all letters 'Messenger Correspondence,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Bridgeburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. Mamma took us to visit her home, and we spent all summer there. We were four months in the country visiting mamma's uncles, and that pleased us more than anything else; but the cows had never seen children before, and we had to keep out of their sight.

QUEENIE.

Springhill.

Dear Editor,—I study book-keeping, algebra, and other studies. I like book-keeping very much. We have three school-houses here and they are all quite large. The largest one has eight rooms in it; but the one I go to has only four rooms. We get the 'Messenger,' in Sunday-school, and I like to read it very much. I always read the correspondence first. Papa went out to Wyoming in November. We have a dog named Fido, he is very playful. Springhill is quite a large place. There are coal mines and some large stores and buildings.

IRENE.

Springhill, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My papa has a store. I have three brothers and three sisters. Two sisters go to the Acadia Seminary. We have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and could not do without it. I always read the correspondence first. We have a piano and an organ. I take lessons. Miss B., my Sunday-school teacher, gave me a lovely bible on Christmas.

AGNES E. R. (aged 12).

Folly Village.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers, their names are Harry, Willie and Murray. I have one pet, a little dog, we call Topsy. I go to school, and like my teacher very much.

EDNA (aged 10).

Valetta, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I feel very grateful to you for your valuable paper. I get it every Sunday in my Sunday-school. We have a splendid Sunday-school for a country place. I live on a farm in Kent county, Ont. It is quite a flat country here. The soil is very rich, and we can grow almost anything here that is grown in Canada.

Wishing that God's best blessing may follow the 'Messenger' everywhere it goes.

WILLIE, (aged 12).

Sinclair. Man.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for the last year, and I think it the best paper that we get. Our school is open eight months in the year, and then mamma teaches us in winter. I have one brother and two sisters, all younger than I am. I have a pony, named Polly. I ride my pony after the cows in the evening in summer time, and go for the mail on mail days. My brothers and I each have a pair of skates, and we have lots of fun.

NORMAN. (aged 11).

Ross' Corner, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—My pets are a Maltese cat and kitten. The old cat is very cute. In the morning, a little before daylight, she will come around to mamma's bedroom window and mew till we let her in. My mamma has got subscribers for the 'Witness.'

BERTIE F. (aged 9).

Dauphin, Man.

Dear Editor,—Dauphin is a village only two or three years old. My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for seven years, and she is going to subscribe for it again. I like reading one page as well as another. We send it to grandma when we get through with it.

EMMA P. (aged 11).

Strathlorne,

Dear Editor,—I live in a beautiful valley called Strathlorne, after the Marquis of Lorne. It was my grandmother, and a Campbell that gave it that name. To the west of us is Cape Mabon and to the east are ranges of low mountains, and beyond these mountains is lovely Lake Ainsle, one of the largest, as well as the most beautiful lakes in Nova Scotia. Down a little to the north of us is Broad Cove Harbor, which was built by William Penn Hussey and his son. There is a railway connecting the harbor with Broad Cove mines, one of the largest and best in Nova Scotia.

J. MORRIS McL. (aged 12).

Lucknow.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and my father has taken the 'Witness' since about thirty years ago. I delight in reading them both very much. My sister and I attend school all the time. We usually have seven weeks of holidays in the summer. I was up at my grandma's last summer, and enjoyed myself very much. We had a picnic while I was there, down at the lake. We went down about two o'clock in the afternoon, and returned home, between seven and eight in the evening. We had lots of fun building castles in the sand, and digging wells. We also took off our shoes and waded in the water. As my grandma lives a little way out of town we had a nice drive into town to my aunt's every day.

DORA (aged 10).

Northport, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I spent a very pleasant vacation. I go to Sabbath-school, and we have got a new library. I like to read the correspondence very much. We live near the sea-shore. In summer large vessels come here and get loaded with lumber and schooners go from here to Prince Edward Island, loaded with lumber. We have a Y. P. S. C. E. here, and I belong to it. I have three brothers and two sisters.

L. A.

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I came from England just a few years ago. I like this country much better for the freedom there is. I have a brother still in England. He is a tailor, and so is my father. I have a nice dog, and I put her in my sleigh sometimes and she pulls me from place to place, but sometimes I put her on the sleigh and drag her about.

ALFRED, (aged 11).

Springfield.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' as long as I can remember I think it is just a lovely paper, especially the correspondence. I think every boy and girl should read the 'Messenger.' I have three sisters and three brothers, the only pet we have is a cat. She is a kind cat. We once had a very large dog named Nero.

WILLA L. R. (aged 11).

South Port, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—My home is situated about four miles from Charlottetown, in a part of the country very pretty in the summer, but rather devoid of beauty now. A missionary, a lady who had just returned from Japan, lectured in the church one evening, in November. Her talk was very interesting; she told us of the heathen and of her work amongst them, and showed us several curiosities, among them the idols which the people worship. She sang a hymn, 'I am so glad that my Father in Heaven,' in the Japanese language.

My little brother has a large gray cat that he calls 'Brother,' and another one called 'Tabby.' I am very fond of flowers, and we have a number of house plants; one, a geranium, is six feet high. I am fond of reading, also.

I spent my last holidays in Summerside. I have a cousin living there who takes the 'Messenger,'

LILY G. S.

Noel, Hants Co., Nova Scotia.

Dear Editor,—My mamma took the 'Messenger' many years ago, also my grandpa, and it was through the influence of reading a piece in the 'Messenger' that he stopped using tobacco at the age of seventy. The text used in the piece was I. Cor. iii., 16-17, and my grandma was the first lady in Hants Co. to put her name to a temperance paper.

S. ELIZ. S. (aged 14).

Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Witness' for a number of years, and likes it very much. We take the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading the Correspondence. I have three sisters and no brothers. I have not been to school this winter, because I have a lame knee. My baby sister's name is Pansy. My father is a carpenter by trade, but we live on a farm. We have a nice Sunday school. My father is superintendent and Bible class teacher.

ANNIE B. F. (aged 9).

Noel, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Witness' ever since I can remember. We live on a farm and raise lots of cultivated strawberries. Two years ago we raised about six hundred pounds. I have six brothers and no sisters, and am the youngest, or the baby, as they call me. My two eldest brothers are married in California, one in San Francisco and the other in Los Angeles. We get many kind letters from their wives, which makes me feel as if they were my real sisters, although I have never seen them, but hope to some day. I was thirteen years old last April, and am five feet four inches in height.

I have taken two quarters of music lessons on the organ, and expect to take more next summer. Papa says when I get to be a nice player on the organ he will get me a violin, so I will work hard and try to get it, for I love violin music.

ELLEN M.

Adamsville, Que.

Dear Editor,—My grandma has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about thirty years. I have heard it read ever since I can remember, and now I can read it myself. I pieced two whole quilts before I was six years old. I have one little sister aged six.

LOTTIE B. (aged 8).

Winnipeg.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' and like them both very much. Grandma reads the 'Messenger' to us every week.

EULA P. (aged 12).

New Canaan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and three brothers. I had a splendid time during the holidays. I am trying to get a club for the 'Northern Messenger.' I live on a farm near a brook where men get out logs in winter and saw them in the spring.

LIZZIE (aged 13).

Dugald, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am going to describe my visit to the Winnipeg Industrial. My father is an exhibitor of live stock, so he has to stay there all the time. We all went in the buggy, and took our lunch with us. From our place to the city it is fourteen miles, but we went five miles further to get a friend. As we wished to get to the city before dinner, we drove rather fast. Most of our drive was through prairie. Just a little before we came to the city we began to get tired, and the mile or two we had yet to go seemed long.

At the gate we met my father and brother. My sister and I went round together, but first we had our lunch. We all got on the merry-go-round. I stayed at my uncle's till Monday.

BETH (aged 12).

Clover Cottage, St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have not many pets, but we live near the park, where we can go and see the swans and ducks on the lake, and deer, peacocks and pheasants in the summer-time. The swans are so tame they eat from your hand.

HAZEL (aged 9).

Stewart, Kent Co., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers, but one sister, Isabel. I have about a mile to walk to my Sunday-school, but I do not mind it.

E. G. R., (aged 8.)

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Dear Editor,—I stay with grandmother, who lives in Niagara, which is a historic old town, situated at the mouth of the Niagara River. We have a fine camp ground, where, every spring, the volunteers come out for twelve days' drill.

B. L. C. (aged 8).

THE SHY PRINCESS.

A Story For Children.

(Flora Schmals, in the 'Strand.')

(Continued.)

NOW, the third aspirant was a man of maturer aspect, with a shrewd expression and a dignified carriage.

'My scheme,' he informed them, 'cannot possibly admit of failure. Only, before I reveal it, the Princess must permit me to take a look at her. If she is behind that screen, as I suppose, will you kindly remove it? Or better still, allow me for a moment to peep behind the screen.'

But here there came a distinct rustle of silken draperies. It was evident that the Princess Bashful had fled by the door near which she had stationed herself, in case of any sudden alarm.

'No such stipulation was in the contract,' returned the King, and his tones expressed considerable annoyance. 'If you cannot make up your mind to take the Princess on trust, you are not worthy of her. Consequently, sir, I must request you to withdraw.'

So the third Prince stalked off, with a majestic and injured manner. Upon which one of the Court ladies was despatched at once to bring back the truant Princess.

It was the fourth Prince's turn to draw leisurely to the front, for this one had the pensive, abstracted bearing of a student.

'My proposal is,' he began, in measured tones, 'that the Princess should wear a mask. If no one can look at her, she will gain courage and independence. Slowly, but surely, she will become accustomed to mix with her fellow-creatures. Here is a mask which I have brought with me for the purpose. If the Princess can be persuaded to put it on, I feel sure that she will answer me when I address her.'

'Not so bad,' remarked the King, more hopefully. 'However, it is for the Princess to decide. If she will test the experiment, let her give a cough, and the mask will be handed her without delay.'

But Bashful remained still silent, and no wonder! Had it been a beautiful mask, she might perhaps have complied with such a request. But how could she submit to transform her loveliness into ugliness?

Things were going very badly, thought the Queen. Her glance was full of sadness, and the King frowned ominously. For only one Prince was left to try his luck, and what likelihood did there seem that he would fare any better than the others had done?

He advanced very quietly to the front, and without any display of any kind. He appeared so brave, and yet so modest, it inspired one with confidence merely to look at him.

'Your Majesty,' he began, with diffidence, 'I should like to tell you a story, but in order not to weary you, I will make it as short as possible. A Prince was once dreadfully in love with a Princess—only, for certain reasons, he was not able to declare his love. First of all, he had never seen her, nor was it at all probable that he would ever have the chance. It is true that he might have sent her a message, but then he loved her too dearly to run the risk of causing her tears to flow when she received it.

'So, for a long time, the Prince had to content himself with thinking and dreaming of the maiden, who, for him, was the only one in existence. He gave up the hunting which was his favorite pastime. All night he lay awake, so that he might have more leisure to cherish her in his heart. Day after day he waited patiently, until at last the opportunity offered itself when he could travel to the palace where she lived.

'And now comes the strangest part of my story. The Princess was very beautiful—but that was not the reason why he loved her. This is a riddle, and you must all try to guess it. Why do I love the Princess?'

Here the King and Queen conversed in low tones. The courtiers shook their heads to give vent to their displeasure; but the ladies giggled and cast admiring glances at the last competitor.

The Prince's eyes, however, were fixed upon the ground. His countenance had grown very pale and anxious.

Now, the Princess was watching him all the time through a small,

round hole which had been pierced in the screen beforehand. She had been feeling very weary of the whole affair; but, upon perceiving the Prince's troubled mien, Bashful smiled to herself, while her cheeks were mantled with blushes.

'Do you give it up?' he asked, at length, after quite ten minutes had elapsed.

Then they were all obliged to own that the riddle was too deep for them.

'Why do I love the Princess?' repeated the Prince. 'Because of her shyness.'

No one spoke. Fear and trembling were written on every face, because it was forbidden at the palace that anyone should refer to the Princess's unfortunate infirmity. But, suddenly, they were startled beyond measure by a delicious peal of low, rippling, girlish laughter. It came from behind the screen, and it was curious, the expression of relief that immediately spread over the countenances of all present. For, strange as it may sound, this was absolutely the first occasion on which the Princess Bashful had ever been known to laugh.

'THE LADIES GIGGLED.'

But still greater was the sense of relief that stole over the maiden herself. All at once it seemed as if her shyness had ceased to become a bugbear to her. Nay, it was even something to be loved for. What a new and delightful idea!

'That is good to hear,' said the Prince, in his most cheery voice. 'Can't you do it again?'

At this request, Bashful was so indescribably tickled, that she actually gave another laugh, louder and longer than the first. And, oh! what an inestimable amount of good it did her! The cobwebs seemed to be clearing away from her brain, in the same way as the mists are dispelled by the rising of the sun. She had never felt so light-hearted in her life.

Carried away by his excitement, the King started up from his throne.

'She has laughed,' he pronounced, with gladness, 'and laughter is surely a part of speech. Let the Prince return hither to-morrow at the same hour; and may his efforts be crowned with success!'

So the Court was adjourned until the following day, the courtiers dispersing in a most unenviable frame of mind. 'Why could we not have thought of this remedy ourselves?' they asked one another, sourly.

The Princess hied to her chamber as fast as her legs would carry her, for she felt utterly bewildered at the change that was rapidly taking place in her constitution.

As the hour of trial approached, the Prince grew terribly nervous. When the Court had assembled in the Hall of Audience, and the trumpet sounded as usual, he walked boldly enough to the front. But his face was deadly pale, and it was quite easy to perceive that the matter now at stake had become for him a question of life or death.

The Princess had already taken up her position behind the screen, and everyone was on the alert.

'We are now ready,' the King declared, 'to hear what Prince Valiant has to say for himself.'

'Your Majesty,' stammered the Prince, 'it consists of another riddle.' And notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary, the poor youth presented a picture of most pitiable dejection.

'Proceed!' commanded the King, though in more kindly accents.

'How can I succeed in winning the Princess?'

(To be Continued.)

'Flageolet.'

Once there was a great company of musicians practicing together for a splendid concert: there were violins and viols, flutes, cornets and flageolets, horns, drums and trumpets, a harp, an organ, and a piano, and other things that I do not know the names of. Suddenly the leader threw up his baton and cried, 'Flageolet!' All the big sounding instruments were silent, and the leader said, 'The third flageolet is playing out of tune!'

His quick ear had heard the discord in all that many-voiced orchestra. So does God take notice, if any little life like yours is going astray, or striking the wrong note. Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, may be praising him, but he calls to you, little flageolet, to take up your part in his service. —'Mayflower.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Snowflakes.

(By Frances Willard Dawson.)

Yes, they come softly, these snowflakes so white,
And cover the dry ground all over at night;
Palace and cottage, and hill and glade,
Under a new downy cover are laid.
How many bits of this rare snowy lace
Came thus, like fairies, to change the whole place?
Even the smallest helped make the display
Which thus charms our eyes through the long winter day.
Without any noise did each flake its small share,
And, see! all together a work wrought most rare,
Supposing each wee dainty snowflake had said:
'I want to stay here in my light cloudy bed.'
Had such been the case neither you boys nor I
In cutters so swift o'er the white snow could fly;
No forts and no castles or snowmen so grand
Could you or I build with our shovels and hand.
Oh! are you not glad that the snowflakes did come
Which, put all together, now give us such fun?
You see, little things, though ever so small,
Has each its own place on the great rolling ball.
May each little child, like the snowflakes so white,
Be found in his place ever doing what's right.

Danvers, Mass.

The Catechism On Beer.

(By Julia Coleman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON I.—MALTING.

'Bread is strength, beer is weakness.'

Question—What is beer?

Answer.—A fermented liquor made from malted grains.

What grain is commonly used?

Barley.

Bar is the Hebrew word for grain, hence barley, the principal grain of Palestine; and hence also beer made from barley.

What is the process of beer-making called?

Brewing; the building where it is carried on is a brewery, and the man who does it is a brewer. The malting is sometimes done in a separate building, known as a malt-house, and the man who does it is a malt-ster.

How is the barley malted?

It is sprouted and then dried.

Describe the process.

It is soaked in water two days, and then piled on the floor a day of two longer, till it begins to sprout, when it is turned and worked over about eight days longer. It is then thoroughly dried in a kiln, and the sprouts fall off.

Long before the Temperance Reformation a devout woman, Mrs. Mary Fletcher, of Madeley, England, gave up beer-drinking when she learned that it could not be made without keeping the men at work on the Sabbath.

What is the object of malting?

To turn the starch of the grain into sugar.

What is the character of this change?

When starchy seeds begin growing, the starch is turned into sugar for the nourishment of the young plant.

Experiment.—Place any kind of grain in a saucer with a little water, covering it with a piece of cotton-batting. When the sprouts are nearly an inch long dry the grain. This will make malt. It is sweet to the taste.

Why does the malster wish to change the starch into sugar?

To make alcohol by the decay or fermentation of the sugar.

How much weight does the grain lose by malting?

About twenty pounds in every hundred.

How is the food-value of grain affected by sprouting?

It is greatly injured, so that it does not make good bread.

The Deadly Cigarette.

(This exceedingly interesting letter was received some time ago, and, through an oversight, was not printed at once. The interest of the article is deepened by the fact that the writer is in a position to judge correctly of these statements, being Consulting and Analytical Chemist to a well-known Canadian firm.)

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.)

Dear Sir,—Permit me to congratulate you upon the stand you have taken in the matter of cigarette smoking. I think that all parents and guardians of youth should take earnest steps to prevent this most dangerous habit. I am afraid that not one-half of those who rightly condemn the practice are sufficiently acquainted with the awful danger, to put the matter in a convincing form before the young. For this reason I feel morally bound to state what I know respecting the cigarette, in the hopes that if I can add nothing to the knowledge already in their possession, I can at least throw what little influence I have on what I know to be the right side. Some time ago, I noticed a paragraph (in what paper I now unfortunately forget) which stated that all waste bandages, dressings, etc., the refuse of the surgical wards in the hospitals in France, became the perquisites of the hospital porters, who sold them to cigarette paper makers, to be by them converted into wrappings for cigarettes, or books of papers for the same purpose. I do not state this of my own knowledge, as I wish to be perfectly honest in what I write, but I am of the opinion that it is more than likely that such is the fact, more especially as I have not seen any contradiction of the published statement. If true, this must speak whole volumes for itself and certainly needs no comment. Further, some few years ago, I had, in the course of my duties, to make an analysis and report upon all the various brands of cigarettes in the market, and examined, as nearly as I can remember, between twenty and thirty different samples. With the exception of two only, I detected the presence of various drugs in all, such as opium, belladonna, canabis indica, arsenic and others. The presence of such powerful drugs as I have named above, must, even in small quantities, exercise a most baneful influence and without doubt a progressive appetite far worse than alcohol. This accounts in a great measure, if not entirely, for the invariable craving for cigarettes almost always exhibited by those who have used them even for a short period. What, then, must be the condition of any youth, or even young man, who smokes ten packages a day? Yet I have personal knowledge of more than one, who assure me that this is their average consumption. Again, take the hardest pipe or cigar smoker, or even the habitual drunkard, and it is not a rare thing to find them wishing anxiously to discontinue the habit, but totally unable so to do. They will, if in earnest, find some way, hard at first though it may be, to accomplish their wish, but the cigarette smoker seems to be more thoroughly enslaved beyond the power of helping himself to get free, than the votaries of almost any other habit with which I am acquainted. This should be a terrible warning to any would-be cigarette smoker to let them severely alone, as such a craving is most unnatural, and clearly points to the fact of something being present in the paper or tobacco to cause it.

As to the effects on the health of the individual, let any one who doubts the pernicious nature of it, either take a walk through any of our insane asylums, or communicate with the head medical practitioner of the same, and unless he or she is wilfully blind, I can vouch for all his doubts being dispelled and that with certainty, not merely by belief. Of the cases that die outside such institution. I verily believe we do not hear one tithe. I have been in a position to notice the frightfully evil results and have watched day by day some cases that have come immediately under my notice, and I may say it has been heartbreaking to watch the efforts in some to break the habit, but without success. The terrible state of the nerves when the accustomed luxury (which is only too surely sapping both body and brain, more especially the latter) is refrained from, and the agonizing suffering resulting, usually conquers even the strongest remnant of will power left the unfortunate victim, and once again recourse is had to the poisonous article, although the user is himself fully convinced that he is taking the sure road to death or something far worse. Dear Editor, this is, I am aware, a strong indictment, but I have written strongly as I feel strongly, and am, moreover, prepared to prove every word. As the father of a young family, I am naturally interested, but even were it only on the ground of general humanity, I should feel bound to offer such testimony as I am in possession of in such a very serious matter. I do hope the time will come when some stringent law will be enacted against selling cigarettes, if not to all, at least to minors. To cut the ground from under the feet of anyone who dissents from my opinion on the assumption that I am an anti-tobacco fanatic, I may say that I am a constant, although moderate, pipe smoker, and have been for twenty years, although my consumption of tobacco in a month would in all probability be looked upon by most smokers as hardly sufficient for a week's supply; and, moreover, I never expectorate.

And now, dear Editor, with my hearty good wishes for your success in the campaign against the deadly cigarette, and assuring you of my earnest and, as far as possible, active co-operation with you to the best of my ability, I beg to subscribe myself,

Faithfully yours,

VERITAS.

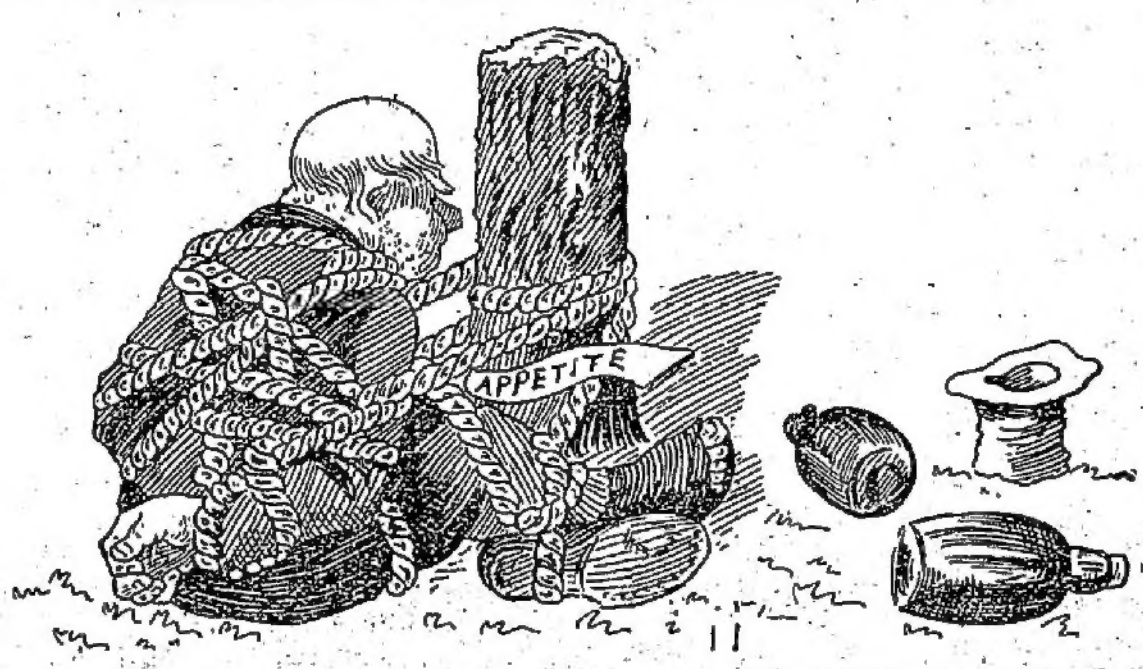
Drink And Danger.

The 'Daily Chronicle' published recently a most interesting telegram from its Berlin correspondent. The correspondent states that Dr. Wolff of Strasburg—a recognized authority on the question of accidents to workingmen—has been making inquiry into two points. First, he has sought to discover on what days of the week accidents are more numerous, and the result of his investigations, extending to over one thousad cases in his own district during last year, he finds that the majority of these occurred on Mondays and Fridays, while the smallest number happened on Tuesdays. Viewing this discovery in the light of the fact that workingmen frequent the drink-shops most on Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursdays, and least on Mondays, he feels compelled to declare the public-houses and the accidents related to one another as cause and effect.

The second point on which Dr. Wolff has collected information is with regard to the time of day at which most accidents occur. He finds that the hours after breakfast, dinner, and the afternoon rest are marked with the greatest number of accidents, and while he gives as part explanation the lassitude due to the digestive process, he concludes that another factor in the result is the use by the workers of intoxicants at meal hours. So again he associates drink with danger.

A movement that will meet with the approval of all good people is that known as the Non-Swearing Knights, which owes its existence to Mr. R. C. Wynn, of Des Moines, Iowa, a railway man who devotes all his spare time to personal work among his associates for the abolishment of profanity. His efforts have resulted in the signatures of 2,100 men to a pledge card, and that prohibits swearing. The result in the far reaching sense of its effect upon the youths who associate with these men, and the gain to the communities in which they live, can never be estimated.—'Union Signal.'

COULDWE BUT SEE OURSELVES, AS OTHERS SEE US.



'No; I wouldn't want to have anything to do with any of this here temperance business; I can't afford to have my personal liberty interfered with.'—Ram's Horn'

LESSON VIII.—FEB. 19,

Christ Feeding the Five Thousand.

John vi., 1-14. Memory verses, 9-11. Study the chapter.

Golden Text.

'I am the bread of life.'—John vi., 35.

Home Readings.

M. John vi., 1-14.—Feeding the five thousand.
T. Mark viii., 1-9.—The four thousand fed.
W. Mark viii., 14-21.—The miracle remembered.
Th. Deut. viii., 1-6.—Not by bread only.
F. Matt. vi., 25-33.—The first things.
S. John vi., 22-23.—The true Bread.
S. John vi., 35-51.—The Bread of Life.

Lesson Story.

Again the Passover feast is at hand, Herod had slain John the Baptist, and John's disciples had come to Jesus with their trouble. (Matt. xiv., 10-12.) Our Lord then took his followers apart to rest awhile, they crossed the Sea of Galilee; but multitudes followed after him for healing.

Jesus had gone up into a mountain to rest with his disciples, but when he saw the multitude his great heart was filled with love and pity for them, and he received and taught them, and healed all those who had need of healing. The disciples thought that the people should be sent away; but our Lord would not send them away hungry. To try Philip's faith, Jesus asked him how they could buy bread enough to feed the multitudes. Philip did not seem to think of the Saviour's power to turn the very stones into bread to feed the needy ones. Not counting on God, Philip answered, 'Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.'

Andrew, the disciple who first brought his own brother, Peter, to Jesus, again shewed his faith and discernment. 'There is a lad here with five barley loaves, and two small fishes,' he said; 'but what are they among so many?' 'Bring them to me,' commanded our Lord, 'and make the men sit down.'

So the multitude sat down in companies of fifty, about five thousand men besides women and children. Jesus took the loaves and fishes, and giving thanks to God blessed them, and distributed to the disciples. As the disciples gave them out the food grew and multiplied until every one was supplied and satisfied, and the fragments which remained were twelve baskets full!

Then those who saw the miracle said, 'This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world,' and they tried to take him by force to make him a king. But Jesus went away to a mountain there to be alone with his Father in prayer.

The disciples took a boat to cross the sea but a storm arose and they found it very difficult to row, so Jesus came to them walking on the sea and saying, 'It is I: be not afraid.' The storm ceased, and they soon reached the other shore. The next day the people were seeking for Jesus and finally found him in Capernaum. Our Lord rebuked them for their wrong motives in coming after him and bade them, 'Labor not for the meat which perisheth; but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed.'

Lesson Hymn.

Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed,
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.
—Josiah Conder, 1824.

The Bible Class

'Bread'—Exod. xvi., 4, 14-22: Deut. viii., 3: Luke iv., 4; xi., 11-13; xxiv., 30-35; I. Cor. xi., 23-28; v., 7, 8: John vi., 31-35, 48-58: Rev. ii., 17.

'Passover' — Lev. xxiii., 5-7: Exod. xii., 2-15: II. Kings xxiii., 21-23: Mark xiv., 12-16: John xix., 14-18,

'Other Miracles'—Matt. viii., 2-34; ix., 2-7, 18-35; xi., 4, 5: Mark vii., 24-37; viii., 1-9; ix., 17-27: Luke xiii., 10-17; xxii., 50, 51: John xi., 20-27, 33-44.

Suggestions.

This is the first miracle reported by all four evangelists, the other accounts are found in Matt. xiv., 13-22: Mark vi., 31-46: Luke ix., 11-17. Other accounts of miracles of feeding multitudes are found in II. Kings iv., 42-44: Num. xi., 18-23, 31, 32: Matt. xv., 32-38.

A penny was worth about seventeen cents but it was also a day's wage for a man, so that it would be like trying to feed 5,000 families with two hundred dollars now-a-days, or one ten cent loaf for every two families. It seemed a great calculation yet it would have been a very short supply. But God's supply was enough and more than enough. It is not known exactly how large these baskets were, but they were the common wallets in which the Jews carried their food when travelling.

A little lad brought to Jesus the food which was so blessed and multiplied. No one is too little or young to bring their all to Jesus. The boy must have had faith in Jesus when he gave up his lunch to him, the 'five barley loaves' were no larger than breakfast rolls or buns, but Jesus made what one boy thought just enough for himself into more than enough for a great multitude, by his blessing. Our Lord taught his disciples economy and proper care of food by making them gather up the fragments. Jesus wants nothing to be lost, no time, no money, no opportunities, no influence, for he can bless and multiply the smallest talent if it is given to him.

The disciples were obedient, so the blessing was distributed through them.

God had promised his people through Moses (Deut xviii., 15, 18), a Prophet who should stand between the people and God. This promise was fulfilled in Jesus, who is the only Priest or Mediator between us and God (Heb. vii., 19-28). But the people seeing that Jesus was the promised Prophet wanted to make him their king or leader as Moses was. They wished him to rule over them as a nation, but they would not make him king of their hearts. Many people today think that if Jesus would only come to the earth again they would do so much for him, but they are not anxious to keep the commandments he has already given them.

Questions.

1. What was the Passover?
2. Describe the first Passover.
3. What did Jesus say to try Philip's faith?
4. Who gave all he had to Jesus?
5. What did Jesus do with the food?
6. How many people were fed?
7. How much food was left over?
8. Who is the Bread of Life?

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Signseekers are not sincere followers of Christ, yet they may be converted. Verses 1, 2.

Happy the pupils who have Jesus for teacher. Verse 3.

How large the heart of him who longed to feed the multitude. Verses 4, 5.

Philip's faith was weighed in the balances and found wanting. Verses 6, 7.

Neither did Andrew have the faith that removed mountains. Verses 8, 9.

When God sets the table there is abundance for all the guests. Verses 10, 11.

Jesus always encouraged economy, but frowned upon coveteousness. Verses 12, 13: Luke 12-15.

All Christ's miracles were wrought that people might believe. Verse 14.

C. E. Topic.

A missionary church. Acts xiii., 1-12. (A missionary meeting.)

Junior C. E.

Feb. 19.—How do Christ's temptations help you to conquer your own? Matt. iv., 1-11.

Write.

H. Clay Trumbull says: 'There is a power for good in Sunday-school correspondence which many have not yet realized. If you are away temporarily from your scholars, write to them. If you are absent for a season from your class, write to them. If they have permanently left the school, write to them. If you have left them for a new field of labor, write to them. If you are still near them, write to them. If you love them, write and tell them so. If you want them to love your Saviour, write to them of your desire. If they are your fellow-disciples, and you would cheer and instruct them in the Christian life, write to them accordingly. If your scholars are with you face to face, feel that now is the most hopeful time for your endeavors in their behalf. If your scholars are absent from you or you are absent from your scholars, in the providence of God, feel that now is the time for your still more hopeful endeavors for their good in another way than is possible while you are with them face to face. Whether your scholars are present or absent, now is the accepted time for you to be a means of good to them. You are blameworthy if you fail to improve that time according to its peculiar opportunities and possibilities.'

Feeding The Lambs.

Jesus made very clear the essential qualification of a true shepherd. Before he committed his little lambs to the care of Peter, he asked him in most solemn way, 'Lovest thou me?' and he got his answer, 'Yea Lord.' There must be love for Christ in the heart, else the apostle was not ready to be the shepherd of Christ's lambs.

It is well that all who are set to care for children should understand the full significance of this requirement. Love for the work itself is not enough. There are some people who like to teach children, but this is not sufficient qualification. Enthusiasm for childhood alone does not fit one for sacred work. The children are Christ's especial care, and he will not entrust them to any one who is not loyal to him, and who does not love him. He does not say that the shepherds must be very learned, or very wise, or highly cultured, but he does insist that they must love him. No one who does not feel toward the children as Jesus himself does, is ready to do his work for them and in them. The lambs are tender and easily harmed. An ungentle touch would hurt them. An unkind word might mar the beauty of their spirit.

It is evident that nothing but love will fit one to be a shepherd of Christ's lambs. Nothing in this world is so sensitive as a child's soul. A rough or careless touch may leave eternal marring on it. You go out one day with a geologist, and he shows you on certain rocks the prints of birds' feet, the indentations made by falling rain-drops, the impression of a leaf with all its fine veinage. Once that rock was plastic clay, and the birds walked over it, the rain fell on it, and the leaf fluttered down and lay there. Next day the clay became dry and hardened, holding all these impressions. At length it became out. Then some mighty upheaval tossed it to the side of a great mountain, where the man of science found it. But through all the long centuries, and in fire and flood, it has kept these ancient marks to tell the story of its origin.

Yet more sensitive to impressions than the plastic clay, and holding them yet more tenaciously, is the life of a little child. Every phase of influence that passes over it leaves its own record indelibly written. If we are impatient, the impatience will leave its trace; if we grow angry, our anger will make a wound; if our life is impure, it will leave tarnishing. They must be holy, pure, and meek, who would do Christ's work worthily on the soul of a little child. Nothing but the love of Christ in a heart will make it truly fit for shepherding Christ's lambs.—Dr. J. R. Miller in 'S.S. Times.'

A Brooklyn Sunday-school closes its session half an hour early once a month to devote the time to a prayer service. Between eighty and ninety percent of those joining the church on confession have come from the schr[illegible] Much is attributed to this service.

HOUSEHOLD.

Punishment Of Children.

So many recent articles on the punishment of children discourage whipping, and say the child should be ruled by love. The latter is true, but the former need not be separated from it. God rules with love, but wrong-doers are severely punished, and he tells us that, 'he who spareth the rod, hateth the child.' It is an unpleasant task to whip a child, and so we shrink from it, as we do from many other of God's commands, and try to find what we are pleased to call a better way, or, rather, one more to our liking. When the little one has done wrong, do not rob him of his play by way of punishment, and do not chastise him in the presence of any one else, (you destroy his self-respect, and he grows bolder in disobedience) ; rather take him apart from the others. Take him on your lap, and tell him that God gave him, a little child, to you and that with your love and help he is to grow up to be a useful man; but that you cannot do this alone, you must have his help, and together the help of God. When people have done wrong they must be punished, and it is much easier to learn while we are little to do what is right.

It may be a long struggle but the naughty little spirit must be quelled. Explain why you must punish, and then administer the punishment. By that time, your anger, if you feel any, will be cooled, and your whipping will be within reason. Your child will understand that the punishment is the result of his disobedience, and not the way of working off your anger. The little lips will meet yours in a loving kiss, and, 'I love you, mamma,' will come from the very depths of that little heart, for he feels that he has a hand in the moulding of his future self and that mamma and papa stand ready to guide and help him.—Mrs. Kate M. Holt, in 'Housekeeper.'

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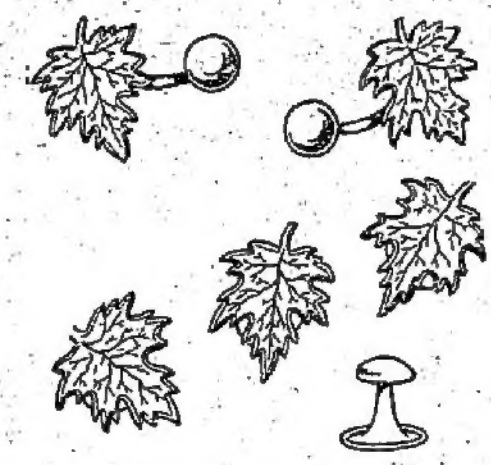

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